I'd Buy that for a dollar!

Volume I, Issue #3

Nov./Dec. '96



I'D BUY THAT FOR A DOLLAR

Volume I, Issue 3 November/December 1996

HAPPY HOLIDAYS:

1996 has brought a string of very unusual holidays, unusual for me that is. From New Year's Eve (great party, Lyra) to Thanksgiving, all of my holidays have been shrowded in and odd aura of weird circumstances.

Fortunately, my two favorite Holidays were recent enough to recall clearly (those days being Halloween & Daylight Savings Time). For those keen on my story of "What I Did On Halloween," you may want to skip to that article at some point or another.

Not too long ago, I remember watching the TV Show "The Adventures Of Pete And Pete." This show was about two brothers both named Pete, and their adventures in the mundane world making those mundane things fun. There was an episode specifically about Daylight Savings Time, where the two Pete's would, traditionally, wait for the point in time to set the clocks back one hour, then try with extreme effort (and humor) to do all the things they could possibly do on "borrowed time."

I love this show because I used to have a Daylight Savings Time ritual too. When I was young, I'd stay up and wait for daylight savings time, and then search out every clock I could and set them back. Then I would wander the house, being the guardian of time, watching the world play catch-up. I was no longer part of "normal time." I would have to do all sorts of silly things to make sure things were catching up (like make the cats fall through a hulla hoop, which was the portal to "real time"). I had to do it. It was my duty to make sure everything was back to normal.

Unfortunately, nothing that interesting happened this year, or at least not that interesting to someone as old as I was back then. After a day at work, I met up with my friend Steve and his girlfriend Kate, and we went to go and get some coffee. After that, we went back to my apartment, watched some of The Hitchhiker's Guide To The Galaxy, and called it a night.

All in all, a satisfying evening, but there was an absense of that childhood air that was present in the past. Before, each extra minute, each endulging breath, every sip of drink was magical because it was borrowwed. It was new. It was stuck into our lives as mystically and arbitrarilly as all the other mystical and magical things we didn't understand then, and it was our job to sort it out and figure out what it was for.

Now, however, everything seems to be more practicle. "An extra hour of sleep!" I would think to myself. Or, "Wow, it's Halloween! Time to hang out with my friends!" Whatever happened to treking through the darkness and mist to visit the ghouls and goblins that would invariable give us candy? What happend to entering a time when the supernatural and the natural collided to create and evening of non-stop fun?

I theororize that these things are still present, but as we get older we don't notice them as much. Santa Claus probably still exists, but a man of 21 can not still believe in him according to accepted belief. So I imagine that, in order to force him to fall in line with the rest, the Holiday Nazi's confer with Cancer Man and "create" a story involving parents and Santa not being real. "Details aren't important," says Cancer Man. "Just make sure they get him to start acting normal."

I can't come up with any other explaination. It seemed like only a few short years ago that the world was this magical place where every trip to the Kitchen at 12:ØØ A.M. had the "Mission Impossible" theme music behind it.

"Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to steal all the cookies... this voice with self-destruct in five seconds," the man in your head would say. Suddenly, the door to your room opens, and you tip toe down the stairs.

"Dun... dun... dun... dun da dun. Dun... dun... dun... dun dun dun." The stair near the bottom squeaks. Freeze. All else is silent. You back into the wall and peer around the corner, into the hall that leads to the kitchen. All's clear.

This assignment would have been easier if they had given you some backup. But Mr. Teddy was a little busy, so it was just up to you.

The hallway is quiet. Too quiet. You stop when you're almost at the kitchen. Suddenly, a light comes on. Eyes adjust, muscles tighten. In one quick leap you dive into the bathroom and silently shut the door.

You peer through the cracks. It's just dad, coming to get a drink of water. You relax a little... but not completely.

After the enemy has retreated, none the wiser of your existence, you steal away to the cupboard, retrieve the object of your mission, and get the hell out.

I don't know about you, but that's how I grew up. Holidays, of course, were just the icing on the cake. Sure, everything was magical naturally, but Holidays was when the magic was out in the open, looking you in the face.

I decided to live the next year completely magically. According to my theory, it's all still there (otherwise, why would kids see it). Maybe if I spend a whole year believing in magic then it will be true. I can't cope with being an adult anymore without having something else to occupy my time. Work, sleep, eat, shit. What kind of life is this? Why can't I see the things that kids can see anymore?

Maybe if we all spend a year trying to be kids again, we'll be better adults.

--G.M. 11/13/96

The ex-Reds need our greenbacks

...o Electronics

Back & Front Cover Art *by Keith Haynes*. Art & Text Layouts *by G.M.* "Abstinence-only programs flawed," collage *by Austin Rich*. The dosed drawering with the face and spier web was *by Irina*. Everything Else Not Already Credited: *by G.M.*

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If you wish to contribute a story, poems, piece of art, or anything else roughly 2 dimensional that can be conveyed via xeroxing, or just want to drop a line, please write to:

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Pretentiousness Scrabble

by G.M. & Caroline

This Article Is Dedicated To Mary Birmingham

We'll start this issue off with some good-old american drinking. One night I was out with my friend Caroline who was down from Portland and she wanted to go drinking. Now, to me, drinking involved going to the store, buying some beer (or whatever), going to a neutral location, and drinking the said alchohol in a way that isn't destructive and doesn't attract the police (often times, it is someone's house or apartment).

To Caroline, however, drinking involves going to bars. I'm not too keen on bars unless it's John Henry's,and even then I only like the place if there is a band playing. But I was up for trying something new for a change, and we wandered down to Doc's Pad for some Guiness.

Immediately, we were bored to death. Watching people proved fruitless, for they were either under age with fake ID's trying to scam on the college girls, or they were in their 3Ø's and rather rude to the waitresses with sexual inuendo and would stumble out the door talking about how "Benny" was a good man for paying for that night's entertainment. To keep our minds occupied, we came up with a game called "Pretentiousness Scrabble."

The game works like this: each time a word (or phrase) from the list below is used in the normal flow of conversation (This works best if most of the players don't know what the phrases are), they get five points. Certain phrases are "double word scores" (1Ø points), and others are "triple words scores" (15 points). In addition to this, if a player adds the prefixes "Neo," "Proto," or "Post," the word is a "double word score" (in the circumstance of more than one prefix, the score would be counted cummlatively. For example: Neopostdisenfranchised Youth [not a valid word, mind you], would be worth 2Ø points ["double word score" for "post," and then double that for "Neo."]). In the case of phrases (more than one word), a 2Ø point score would also be awarded for Postdisenfranchied Neoyouth.

If the sufix "ism" is added to a word (Example: disenfranchised youthism [not a valid word, mind you]), a double word score is awared for that word or phrase.

I know these rules are complicated, but remember the name of the game we're playing here.

Next, the game must be played in a coffee shop or a classy bar. Optimal circumstances involve a scorekeeper to sit off to the side of a large group of fairly intellectual college students, and listen in on their conversation. After they are ready to leave, whoever in the group has the most points afterward is the most pretnentious person at the table.

Words & Phrases:

Bourgeoisie
Systematic Oppresion ("triple word score")
Aesthetics Of Punk
Postmodern (only five points)
Proletariat
Feminist Epistemology
Riot Grrrl (important to leave out the "i")
Neo Marxism (only five points)
Marxist - Leninist
Deconstruction
Paradigm Subvergence
Paradigmatic Of The Infrastructure ("triple word score")
Information Superhighway
Multimedia Netweb
"Surfing The Net"
Industrial Nation
Batcaving
Cultural Symbiosis
Disenfranchised Youth
Utilization Of Hemp
Alternative Ideologies
Imperialistic Ideologies
"Responsibility As A Consumer"
Libertarian
Informed Anarchy
Republican Ideology

Cyberpunk
Hacker
Generation X
Slacker
Twenty Something
"I Was High When..."

Cybersex
Cyberspace
Avante - Guarde
Art Nouveaux
Film Noir
Mineral Water

In additions to words and phrases, other ways to score pretentiousness points include making references to other things. If you make a vauge reference (the vauger, the better) to one of the following things, it is also worth five points (score 15 if no one else at the table gets it):

Jack Keurac
Ayn Rand
Douglas Copeland
JFK Assassination
Cather In The Rye

Foucalt
Roman Polanski
Heidigger
Feynman

Well, have fun with your new-found pretentious abilities! I'm sure in no time you will be able to move from a mere "slacker" to a "Neoprotoslacker".

The Fast Food Whore: A Documentary Of Insanity

by G.M.

Friday. June 7th. 1996. 11:45 P.M.

An average kind of day, nothing too interesting. High pollen count though, so my eyes were stinging like pepper was in my face. I felt like I should have been doing something else all day long, but for some reason I couldn't figure out what it was. Taco Bell™ has that effect on a person, I guess. Why would someone WANT to go there when there could be something a lot more interesting going on. My friend Colin was supposed to meet me before work, but he was late & I had to leave to get to Taco Bell™ on time. Another friend, Jon, was supposed to have some sort of graduation party going on but I couldn't get him on the phone. My girlfriend's phone was disconnected. Oh well. Taco Bell™ as usual.

The baton was handed off by my Division St. counterpart, & I biked off to Taco Bell™. I showed up an hour early & let the sweat dry on my body from the hot bike ride to Taco Bell™. A manager commented on the stench & said that I should use deodorant (tonight there were two managers instead of one). I then realized that I didn't have any, & I wondered if that was going to set me apart from the men & the children @ Taco Bell™.

I sat outside w/ stolen Taco Bell™ Mountain Dew™ & smoked while I listened to Douglas Copeland's "Polaroids From The Dead." One of the managers asked me what I was listening to (there were two employees & a manager outside as well). I told her. She drew a blank. I showed her the cover of the tape (there was a picture of Sharon Tate on it) & I said, "It's a book on tape, about several different connections w/ our lives in the 9Ø's & the dead of the past."

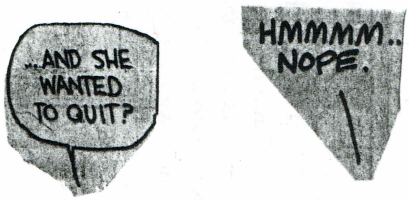
She said, "Who's this?"

"Sharon Tate," I replied.

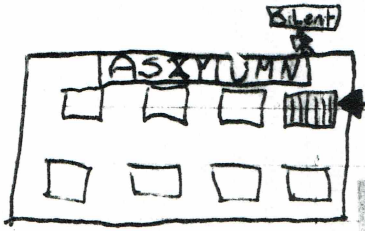
"Who?"

"Charles Manson? The Tate House?"

ATF's licensing of gun dealers was once so lax that even dogs got licenses.



I know maxicana speeches
you've got nettles
in your breeches
I learned them all on beaches
and on sweaty
maxicana beetches





COMPAQ ELBOW STRETCH



She drew another blank. "I kind of remember that, but it was before my time. You know, I'd sleep w/ James Dean any day, though."

How was this connected w/ Sharon Tate? One of the other employees asked who James Dean was.

The manager was furious. "James Dean? You don't know who James Dean is?"

I said, "'Rebel W/ out A Cause'? 'Giant'?"

He drew a blank on both, & the manager drew a blank on "Giant". She said, "All I know is he's one of the sexiest men alive, & now he's dead.

The employee who didn't know who James Dean was asked me if I liked, "That thrashy guitar stuff."

"What?"

The manager said, "Guitar."

"Yeah, I like guitar," I said.

"Like that suicidal stuff?" he asked.

"No. I like... well, here's a tape I listened to on the way over here."

I handed him a homemade tape I made, & he & the manager read through the names & only recognized th Beastie Boys. The manager said, "I really like the Beastie Boys, but not their newer stuff. Too noisy. I liked 'License To Ill'."

I told her that DFL & the Beastie Boys were touring together, & that I really wanted to see them. She drew a blank. She said, "I'm gonna go see the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band @ the Mill & get really drunk & hit on."

I wondered if I should just shut up.

In the rush to get to Taco Bell™ I forgot my hat & apron, so I had to borrow one from another employee who was on his way home. They shoved me on drive order taker, & told me it was going to be a busy day.

It was SOOOOOO busy, in fact, that they sent a few people home early & again I was stuck w/ sweeping all night long. I thought of how maybe the world was just so messed up that it really needed, in the future, someone to sweep up all the broken pieces & therefore wanted me, indirectly, to be ready for the job.

I was scheduled for a six hour shift today, & I asked out of curiosity (already knowing the answer) how many breaks I was supposed to get. The manager that didn't know James Dean was in the movie 'Giant' said that I got only one, ten minute break. Now in my past education, as poor & under nourished as it is, I seem to recall the fact that for any work shift over 5 hours a person gets a half hour, unpaid lunch break. I mentioned to the manager, "That's odd, because my Division St. counterpart gets a half for a 6 hour shift."

She said, "Well I'm going to call Division St., because that is definitely not company policy. If you want you can read our company policy on breaks near the time clock."

I did. According to company policy, any persons the age of 1 & 2Ø get a half hour break for any shift exceeding or equal to 6 hours.

I pointed this out to her when she said that I was going to have my ten minute break. She said, "Well, you don't get one because we're going to send you home early anyway." @ LEAST they followed through w/ that.

The rest of the day was slow. On my 1Ø I scarfed down some food & crammed a cigarette in there somewhere, & resumed my mindless sweeping. I was a few minutes late getting back, but for some reason the manager didn't care that I was. I still don't know why. @ 15 to 1Ø I was sent home.

I took the ride home slow, enjoying the cool night air & the monotone voice of Douglas Copeland vibrate i my head. I bought some beer & decided that tomorrow, for my three hour shift, I would take the bus to Taco Bell™



Abstinence-only programs flawed



THERE SEEMS TO BE A PATTERN HERE.

POLLY, UNSATURATED ROCK

IS

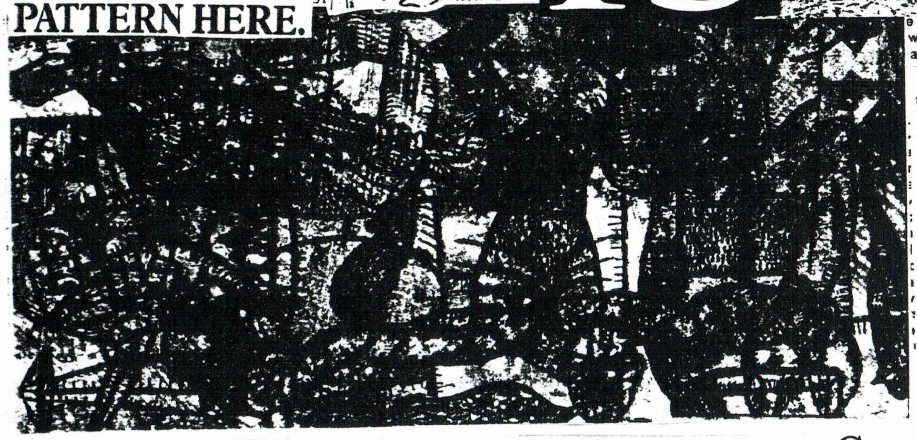


ANGER

OF OUR

OPPRESSION IS THE AESTHETIC

BE WARNED! THE NATURE OF YOUR





Maybe Redford should have met Synar

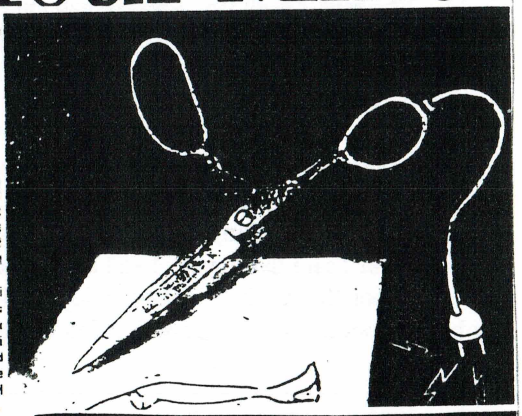
JUST ASKING

Make that 25.

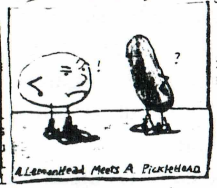
three things

you can count on in life.

Blow Your Mind.



a



50,000,000 Beavis & Butt-head FANS CAN BE WRONG

I CAN'T DECIDE



BILL CLINTON CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF. WITNESS HIS PRESS CONFERENCE. HE MANAGED TO WORK HIS DEAD MOTHER INTO THE FIRST PARAGRAPH OF HIS SPEECH.

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WORKOUT

Three Short Pieces I Wrote Late At Night by The Soylent Green

*1. **Trainspotting*** (This Piece Is Dedicated to The Ashland Crew, And Irina who paid for my ticket that night.)

I finally saw Trainspotting, quite possibly one of the best movies of all time. I liked it so much that on pay day I'm buying the book and a poster for my room.

I must have been the last one in the whole fuckin' city to see that movie. Every time I went to see it something would come up, or I'd be too broke, or what have you, and It was beginning to piss me off quite a bit. Nine times out of time, I start to think things like that is some sort of conspiracy, and I started to think like that about the Bijou, where Trainspotting was playing.

The last movie I saw at the Bijou was Mystery Science Theater 3,ØØØ: The Movie, and I made the fatal mistake of doing acid there for the last time when I did. I had decided that I would quit, that that would be it, and that I would need to say goodbye to the crystiline doused world one last time... more or less. Actually, what really happened was that I decided afterward that it would be my last time. But anyway. I'm digressing. The point is, I had a really bad trip.

So I started philosophizing about the whole situation. "Obviously, the Bijou is trying to teach me something. Maybe I shouldn't do acid anymore." So that, among other reasons, was that. I quit. And suddenly, I can think clearly again (God forbid).

But no, the Bijou was not satisfied. It wanted something more. Because this time, completely sober, I wanted to see a movie that had been highly recommeded to me and for some reason it wouldn't let me.

"Why?" I'd scream in my head. "I mean, it's a foriegn film! I never watch those, you've got to give me some credit here." Of course, the Bijou never backs down for any reason, especially with really bad logic such as mine.

So week in, week out, I was unable to see this movie, and soon the Bijou was no longer and really cool theater, but an enemy stalking my every move. I'd have a day off... but no money. I'd have money... but no day off. I'd have both money and a day off... and the movie would be sold out. It went like this forever.

So, finally, this girl named Irina and I and a bunch of other people went to the Bijou to give it a shot again, and this time I won! See, she offered to pay for me because I was broke, and the Bijou could not thwart her. Especially since she was so nice and all. I won!

So I went and watched Trainspotting, the very best movie I've ever seen, had an acid flashback of sorts during the scene where his parents make his sweat out the heroin, cursed my enemy, and then was very happy that I had quite drugs because if I hadn't I probably would have dosed that night and then I'd be really fucked.

*2. **My New Favorite Crazy Person.***

I was standing outside of The Buy and Sell with a whole bunch of friends when I met my new favorite crazy person. He walked past us and asked us how many of us knew what to say when someone asked us if Jesus loved us. We all made smart remarks because we're those sort of people and we like to make people feel uncomfortable, especially if thay are not crazy and especially if they are watching us have a conversation like this one with a crazy person.

He started mumbling something like, "about 4Ø%" or something, and we were quite confused. We didn't say anything more on the subject because he started walking away, and we were about to leave when he came back. He handed me a box of very expensive cigarettes. They were unopened. I didn't know what he wanted me to do with them so I said, "are these for me?" He said, "No... take one and pass them around. They're from Raphael."

I opened the pack, took one, passed it around and said, "So you're name is Raphael?"

He mumbled something to the effect that Raphael was in an airplane and was not with us at the moment, and that he would be very happy to hear that we were partaking of his smokes. We all nodded and thanked him, and he started talking to us as if he hadn't missed a beat of our conversation at all and was a part of our group.

I continually felt like there was something wrong with this man... and then I realized that the something wrong with him was that he was completely crazy in that he didn't do anything exceptionally crazy at all. Which is odd for downtown Eugene, especially if you have a large backpack on your back and especially if you are talking about men named Raphael in airplanes that would be happy to know we smoked his cigarettes, and especially if he has the air of someone crazy about him and then does not in the least bit act exceptionally crazy.

Eventually some people walked past and he said, "I be they think I'm ripped." He then proceeded to stare at them very intently and closely, verging on breaching their personal space. One of them said, "Hi." He said, "No." and laughed a hearty laugh, then dived back into our conversation, hitting on all the girls in our group when it was obvious by his beard and mustache that was almost grey that he was a little old for them.

He then started talking about how he didn't like the fact that his daughter was hanging out with dykes because they like to cut their hair and he thinks girls should have long hair.

The crazyiness factor that wasn't there before seemed to seep into him slowly, until finally he started whistling to us a song that he wanted us to know. Later, he sang it to us, and it had something to do with there being a heaven and a hell and that none of us knew where to go when the time came. Or something like that, I can't remember the tune.

He gave us some more cigarettes, and we parted ways. Of course, now I can't find him when I'm downtown in search of something to do to occupy my time.

*3. **Destroy All Astro-Men!*** (This is dedicated to Jack.)

Man... Or Astro-Man? is my new favorite band, next to the Wipers, but I've had stuff by the Wipers for quite some time now. My old friend Sierra had a Man... Or Astro-Man? record that was five inches in diameter (the size of a CD) and the songs were very short... but I never heard it at all. The first time I actually heard Man... Or Astro-Man? was at a party at Jack's house on Halloween (whose attendants included G.M. of this fine publication as well).

Now, I am totally into them. Jack let me borrow his CD and I copied it and played it and played it and I am in love. Not only are they intensely good muscians, but they are more into surf than any of the Mousketeeres ever were. I mean, WOW! But not only that, but they did a cover of the Mystery Science Theater 3,ØØØ Theme song. I mean, WOW!

I really like their whole astetic. It's like futuristic... but it's not like modern futuristic. It's like the futuristic of the 5Ø's. Like real rockets that took you not to the next solar system... but to Mars where there were green aliens and stuff. They've got this really weird, "I Come In Peace" type feel to them. Whenever I listen to them while I try to sleep, I always dream about Lost In Space and the original Twilight Zone.

Anyway, they're my pick of the month. Go out and buy all of their stuff now! Or else, face the wrate of Gargantuan!

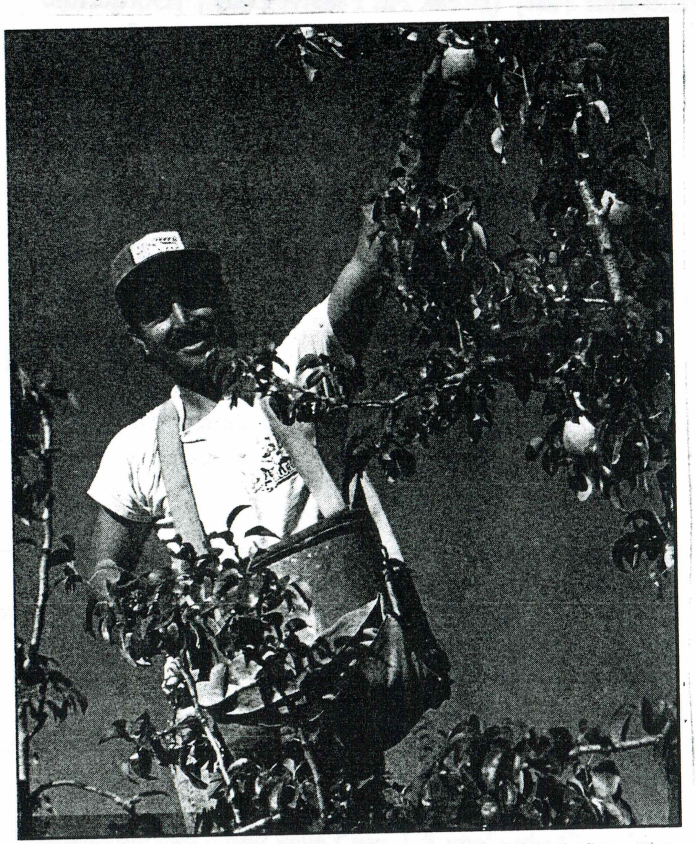
"It was music that we loved and loved to play. It moved us and had feeling and, more than occasionally, was really fucked up."

Russia's

state

Two things I refuse to read.

Step by step, the reward builds in complexity.



Theft, Fraud and Embezzlement

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THERE'S MORE TO EXPLORE IN BLACK.

Fridge Fun!

by G.M.

You know the story. Refrigerator Magnets. Bored Kids. Spare time.
Here's this months sentences (In no particular order):

[Your Sharp Key Work Fast Am Afraid] [Therapy Nerve Dormant Esteem Tell The Mental Sane Damage In Childhood Trust Anger] [Test Under Daze Effect Last Diagnosis At Shy Edge] [Take Underlying

Infant & Compulsively Secure Under Gut] [Be Mean; Grip Hard] [Shrink It] [Confront Obsessive Happy Grandeur] [What Have Give Are Calmed] [Feel Manic Block Better] [Sadist's Smothering Fantasy Is Healing Intimacy] [Pet Strangers] [A Side Of Behavioral Analyst Self] [Resent Sanity Forget Shame] [Out Of Memory] [Handle Process Transferance Past] [Break All Passive Dark] [Borderline Neurotic Sibling Rivalry] [Psychotic Paronoia Cry Soft Death] [Ugly Brother's Dysfunctional "Delusions"] [Never Take Freud Down To Therapist] [Psychology Temper Overbearing] [Make Father Surface Past Progress] [Bad Jung Good Nuts] [Don't Control Child Meds] [We Fear Kids As Parents Manipulate Life] [Deep Aggressive Anal Phobia Fixation] [He Could Hide Her Anal Retentive Sister] [Crush Love Shed Denial And Cure Pride] [Dr. Crazy Thouht A Codependant Animal Needed Competition Or Jealousy] [Think About Abuse, Roll Up Your Baby] [Dreams Relate Ritual Disorder With Repressed Pathological Mothers] [Guard My Couch Please] [Does Negative Emotion Always Envy Positive] [Hurt Resent Avoid Worry Obsessed Sad]

This Months Winner:

Lost Body Stuck In Impulse Drive Can't Reverse Should Stop And Free It

Stay tuned Next Month. We may continue.

I Wonder

by G.M.

I wonder what you're doing right now? I wonder, if I were to cover the distance, what I would see? Would you be eating? Sleeping? Reading? Or would you be doing the same thing I'm doing? Would you be wondering what I'm doing right now?

A friend of mine once said, "I'm on the cutting edge of technology & I can't even find a fucking quarter." Sometimes I feel like that. I live in a world where communication, transportation, & information are moving faster than any person can measure, but can't use it to talk, or travel, or even find the answers to the questions I have.

I wonder if you even think about me? Do you know that I can spend an entire hour just staring @ a wall, thinking of you? Some people would say that is unhealthy, but they tend to stare @ flickering lights in a box for even longer. I wonder if you would think that's unhealthy of me to stare @ the wall, thinking of you.

I wish you could understand that I'm not obsessing. I'm lonely. There's a difference, you see. Obsessing means that you think about a person constantly & can't live w/out those thoughts. For me, I don't obsess. I just long for that quarter to run the phone, or that ticket for the bus, or those answers to the questions that keep me busy when I whould be working.

I wonder if you are the kind of person that reads until you pass out? Or, do you read an hour ever night before bed? Do you eat your mealson a presice schedule? Or do you eat when you get hungry? If you could choose a planet other than Earth to live on only by name, what would it be? It's the little things that keep me focused on that wall. The time that I wish I could be using to get to know you. There's so much to know, so much to learn. So much to think about.

The world is small, considering interstellar travel. A person can now circumvent the earth in less than a day. It seems to me, the world is getting larger though. For all the people & places that a person can meet & see, there's

so much more than there used to be here. I wonder how you feel about this? I wonder if you think the world is getting larger too.

Well, the world will have to get smaller, I think. The world will have to remove the things that you & I don't need, & make itself more convienient. The world is just going to have to provide more quarters.

I wonder if you agree...

Halloween Hell

by G.M.

I woke up Halloween morning prepared to have a stupendously wonderful day. I had to work that evening, but that was only a three hour shift, & afterward I was invited to a party w/ a very nice co-worker of mine named Jack. [I might add that Jack is the artist & writer for Dark Horse's "Devil Chef," & stupendously wonderful comic... quite possibly the best one they carry... & you all should be reading that along side my fine publication.]

So, my plan was to put the finishing touches on my costume (G.M. Man... Avenger Of Evil), go to work, & get wonderfully drunk later on @ Jack's party. First off, I called a friend of mine, Dr. Phibes, who was to lend me thecape for my costume. He said that he had to run an errand before he could drop it off, so I waited patiently until he knocked on my door. He informed me that he was heading to Kinko's to make some copies, so I figured that I'd accompany him to kill some time until I had to catch the bus @ five.

Time having been killed, I returned to my home, got into my costume, & went out to catch the bus. @ 5:05 P.M., I was on my bus, & @ 5:25 I was @ the downtown station waiting for the bus to Gateway. Not too much later, the number 12 bus pulled into the stop, which is the one I catch to get to work, so I boarded, put on my walkman, & waited.

Finally, the bus pulled out, & the first thing I noticed was that it was taking a different route than the one I've been on a million times. I didn't think much of this @ first, because there was construction all over town & I attributed this to the alternate route. However, when I looked out the window & saw that I was in deep Springfield & no where near Gateway mall, I began to worry.

The bus was empty now, & the driver had stopped because there was another bus broken down. She started to talk to this driver, so I figured that I had either figure out how to get to work now or get off the bus. I asked the driver where this bus was headed, & she said that it was headed back to Eugene. That was not where I wanted to go. I told her that I must have gotten on the wrong bus, because I was headed to Gateway. She told me that this was, indeed, the 13 Centennial & not the 12 Gateway. I was about to get off the bus & call work to tell them I was going to be late (It was now 5:45 & I had to be @ work @ 6), when she pointed to a bus stop on the intersecting road & said, "There's an 11 that's headed to Springfield Station that will be there in a minute or two. You can catch a bus to Gateway from there." I thanked her &, in an act that I've never seen a bus driver do before, she gave me another bus transfer.

Being a half-hour late would be understandable, especially if I explained the situation to the manager, so I sat @ the bus stop w/ the knowledge that my day would not be all for not. There was still Jack's party that would drown out anything frustrating the busses had created, so I just sat back & watched the 11 that I was supposed to catch drive by on the other side of the street... @ the stop the driver had, indeed, not pointed @.

Annoyance was now turning into fear. The bus schedule across the street said that another bus was not due for an hour, so this was definately not a time for waiting. I needed to call work, & I needed to find another bus, & I needed to do it right away. I began walking toward what I thought was Eugene, looking for a payphone. About a block away, I found one, but obviously the residents had thought it was a cellular because the reciever was completely gone, & the phone next to it had mysteriously misplaced it's dial tone. I began to walk faster, & about two blocks farther down I noticed a convienience store w/ payphones out front.

I ran up to the said phones, reached into my pocket, & was completely unable to produce any money whatsoever. I remembered my change bowl next to my bed, w/ all those shiny quarters in it, & cursed my new-found habit. Well, I had a checkbook & an ATM card. I'd just go in & get some money, get some change, call work, & get another bus. Unfortunately, this convienience store didn't seem to belive in ATMs, & they didn't seem to take checks either w/out a sample of my blood & a DNA print.

"I think there's an ATM down @ the bar a few blocks down the road. You can get some money there," she added thoughtfully, & in a flash I was jogging down the road. Time was of the essence. In front of the bar I noticed motorcycles & large trucks, & I suddenly became conscious of my waredrobe. All black, a big silver "G" on my chest, & a face mask. I didn't feel very confident about going in, but I did anyway.

Imediately I was approached by the owner, & behind him I saw many regular customers give me the kind of look people give Lawyer's @ a bar for Hell's Angels. The owner asked to see some ID, which I gladly produced, & then I asked if I could use the ATM. He was happy to inform me that the ATM @ the 7-11 two blocks away would be more appropriate, considering that they didn't have one.

W/ a chip on my shoulder the size of Wyoming, I began walking toward this fabled Mecca w/ little hope in my mind. I was probably considered a no-show @ work by now, which would probably result in my termination w/ no chance of explaining my situation. Furthermore, my ride to Jack's party was probably unable to show up because of this (more likely than not, the employee workload actually completed was the determining factor in Shane's Car's functioning), which would probably also result in the complete destruction of all remaining busses that evening, probably all of my friends cars, & more likely than not the Entire World as I knew it. But still I continued, figuring that @ the very least I could get some Iced Tea to watch the world end w/.

Finally the light @ the end of the tunnel was in sight &... WHAT LUCK! There was a large sign in the window stating that there was an ATM, & shining right next to that... two payphones. Jeruselem itself never shown this bright. I ran inside quickly, w/ a slight glimmer of hope left in my eyes that fell very comfortably on a sign that said, "ATM," right next to the sign that said, "We Accept First Interstate Cards," & right under the, "Out of Order," sign.

I turned, flustered, toward the clerk who was eying me like I had just asked her for a date & she was trying to think of a kind way to tell me that she'd rather roll in a pig sty full of shit first. I said, "Do you take checks?" She said, "No." I said, "I've had a really bad day... can I borrow a quarter to make a phone call?" She said, "I don't have any money." I said, "Do you know where the nearest ATM is?" She said, "About two blocks further down."

I didn't thank her, which I was glad for later, because I began to notice that her interpretation of two blocks was in reality about four miles. In accordance w/ the way I felt, I was probably being directly responsible for the entire destruction of the whole of creation... so it eased my mind to know that I'd probably be dead soon.

Springfield on a Halloween night. It is a sight few people are able to experience a live to tell the tale. I, for one, felt like Iwas going to get clubbed by the first drunk person I ran across. I was wrong, though, because every person I ran across was far to drunk to hold the clubs they had upright. Nonetheless, I was still paranoid... & out of cigarettes. The final straw. I was now sigle handedly responsible for everything that had ever happened, anywhere, @ all, ever.

Finally, I saw a bank. I tried my ATM card. The ATM wouldn't accept it. I saw another band. I tried my ATM card. The ATM wouldn't accept it. I was about ready to shoot myself in the head when, on the horizon, I saw a First Interstate bank. The ATM was functioning. It took my card. It didn't laugh @ me when I asked to w/draw some money. I was now in the posession of two five dollar bills. No what?

My luck seemed to be on the upswing. Another block down, there was a Larry & Cathy's. They had to have some way of getting change there... possibly even a payphone. However, another pressing matter chose to bring itself about then: I had to piss like a racehorse.

I opened the doors to the establishment, & recieved many a frightened look. I found the waitress on duty & asked her if I could use the restroom. She sighed, looked @ her watch (which apparently had some bearing on the situation @ hand, though I couldn't seem to figure it out), & said, "Okay," w/ a tone that meant if I wasn't done in five minutes she would send someone in after me.

I ran to the bathroom, & noticed that there was a payphone in the place. WHAT LUCK! I quickly went about my business, removed my costume (I was not in the mood to be stared @ any longer), & returned to the counter to try & get some change. There was an elderly couple @ a table that the waitress was talking to, as if they knew each other. I didn't know how to communicate to her that even though their garden was probably a very pressing matter that mine was even worse, so I said, "Uhm, excuse me." The waitress looked @ me, sighed again, & said, "Just one moment," which meant that she was, @ that moment, fully aware of my situation & was not only going to waste my time but that she was going to call a few friends of her's to do so afterward.

I waited for a full 15 MINUTES (count them, 15!) before she even moved, even though I was coughing very loudly & clearing my throat the whole time. It appeared that she was used to this sort of thing. The couple she was talking to chose then to leave & pay, & it wasn't until afterward that the waitress even thought about helping me. Instead, however, she started walking toward the kitchen. I said, again, "Uhm... excuse me."

Sigh. "What do you want?" she snapped.

"Can I get four ones & four quarters to use the payphone?"

There was a sigh, a calculated pause, another glance @ her watch that had control over her actions, & said, "I'll give you change, but you'll have to use the payphone down the street unless you order something."

Bullets spewed forth from my eyes as she counted back the change, & in my mind she was @ the center of a burning inferno that engulfed the entire establishment. I shot out of the building & grabbed the payphone, quickly called my work, reeled off a novel the size of, "War & Peace," to my manager in 30 seconds (who was surprizingly understanding, though I only realized this later), & jogged the other block to a bus stop I saw w/ the words, "Eugene Sation," written on it.

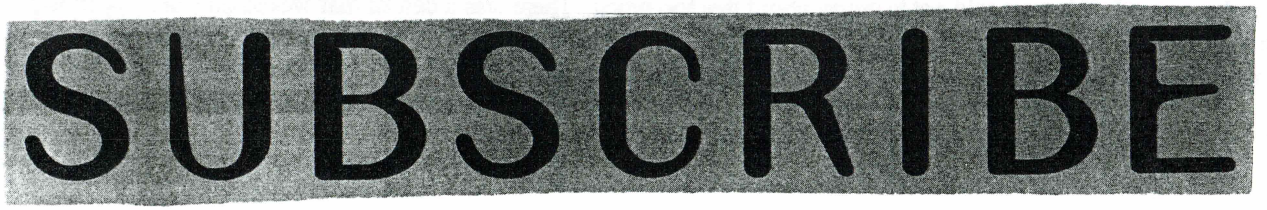
My mind was racing. This string of coincidences could not have only happened @ random, & the entire world looked extremely out to get me @ that moment. The cars that drove by all contained the faces of X-Files characters, the trees were right out of Wizard Of Oz, & even the streets themselves seemed to flow in the opposite direction of my destination w/ that evil ooze from Ghostbusters 2. The remaining plan seemed simple enough: catch a bus to Eugene, & then another to Gateway mall. I would only be an hour & a half late to a 3 hour shift. No big deal. But nonetheless, the world around me decided that one remaining annoyance was to be thrown in my direction.

The bus to Eugene was due in 15 minutes, but a ways down a crossstreet I noticed a bus heading toward Springfield station... more toward the direction I was headed. It was still a ways off, & just across the street & a short walk away (plenty of time to beat the bus to it) was a bus stop. I grabbed my stuff, ran over to the stop, stood @ attention, looked directed @ the bus for what seemed like an eternity, & watched it drive right past me.

Visions in my head of the bus swerving off the road & slamming into the nearby building in a firey ball from hell leapt to my eyes, as I walked back to the original bus stop, feeling single-handedly responsible Every Horrible thing the New Kids On The Block ever recorded.

The bus to Eugene finnally showed up, & I got on only after realizing that I had lost the transfer the first bus driver had given me all that time ago, @ which time I had to buy a new one. I bussed to Eugene, & then to Gateway mall, where I recieved the, "Don't let this happen again," lecture from ye ol' manager. I felt lower than a slug.

After work, my ride to Jack's party showed up, & it wasn't but an hour later that in a drunken stupor I would recount the entire story to anyone who'd listen... Laughing the entire time that only something this hellish could happen to me on the greatest of holidays, that being Halloween.



SINKHOLE!

by The Soylent Green

It's very easy for a person to become so infatuated w/ a single object, person, place, or idea that it becomes the subject of discussion between you & your friends for months afterward. Even the people that weren't even there. Such a thing occured to me not to long ago, & because of it's impact on my life I must recount it to all who will listen. This is also the reason I was unable to interview Conkrit for this issue, so those of you upset about this please read on.

It all started @ a party. Of course, the best ideas do happen @ parties, but this idea was very odd in it's inception. I was @ a party @ Cathead's practice space w/ Terminal Amnesia (who have recently adopted this as their practice place too). In a complete reversal of normal practice, Scratchy The Raving Derilict was sober (for those who don't know, this is Cathead's Keyboard player). I, on the other hand, was not. Neither was Clit Greesedwood (one of Terminal Amnesia's 3 frontmen). I had taken up my customary drunk position on a couch, complaining about how much I hated Floater & that other fuckin' band that just got signed to some label who are all from Springfield & suck big dick. Scratchy was going on about how we wanted to take a trip to Medford to visit someone who owed him money. @ the moment I paid this bit of conversation no immediate importance. I turned to Clit & said, "What we need to do is kill these guys. Then maybe some good bands can play @ the WOW Hall." Clit nodded, drunkenly, looked @ his bottle, noticed it was empty, & threw in in the general direction of the garbage, which he failed to hit w/ any amount of accuracy, & hit Dogfish in the head. He was already a bit toasted anyway, so this only seemed to help him make the decision as to wheater or not he should pass out.

Clit & I both agreed that we needed some more new bands around town. The last good show I saw was @ John Henry's when Cathead & Melt played, & though both bands kicked my ass I can see Cathead play any time I want because I know them, & Melt, though very good, didn't draw a big enough crowd to really make their trip down worth it to them. I felt that something new in the area that would draw a big crowd was definately something Eugene needed.

Scratchy continued on about this guy that owed him money, saying that this guy was in a band or something. Clit & I pounded down two more beers, & the room began to spin even faster around our heads.

"Either that," I said, "Or we need to get some local bands to play in some citys that have some really fuckin' bored kids. See, ya get a good audience in another town not to far away, & then they'll come to Eugene when they can to see that band play. Not only that, but word of mouth will increase the fan base."

Clit agreed, & Scratchy said something about that his friend that owed him money & who was in a band was also a promotor.

Clit & I both agreed that we should say whatever it would take to get Scratchy to shut up so that we could pass out w/ some peace & quiet. To this, Scratchy started making plans to drive down to the Medford area.

The next day, we started making preparations. Clit had the only car, I had a tiny bit of money, & Scratchy had the phone numbers. We made it our goal to get ahold of some local bands, & try to get them to play the Eugene area. We were also going to try to book some shows for some of the local boys. But we had not counted on one little factor that would change the outcome of the entire sane mind frame we had when we left: THE SINKHOLE!

In Roseburg, there was a large section of the freeway that had been flooded, & because of this it had sunk into the ground. We were told not to worry about this too much. There was a detour that would only add, @ most, another hour to our trip. Scratchy had already arranged for a place for us to stay, so they would be expecting us, & maybe they were aware of this so they would anticipate our lateness.

It was daylight out when we arrived @ the line for the detour just outside of THE SINKHOLE!

Four hours later, we emerged from THE SINKHOLE!

Afterward, we were never the same.

It's hard to say what exactly drove us insane while we passed through THE SINKHOLE (which is now what Roseburg is called). It was a combination of many things, I guess. Clit & Scratchy have known each other for quite some time, so there was no mental damage gained between them during that four hours. It would be just like watching, "Star Wars" & "Empire Strikes Back," back to back for them. But as well as I thought I knew them, & as well as they thought they knew each other, nothing can prepare you for travel @ 2 miles an hour through THE SINKHOLE w/ friends... no matter how well you know each other.

Another factor might have been the musical arrangements we had brought to listen to. Clit's car did not have a functioning stereo in it, so we had purchased some batteries & used a crappy little Mono deck that I had lying around that I used to use to record live shows w/. It played too, & had a little speaker, but the sound quality was very poor... barely enough to get over the sound of the car's engine. Not only that, but the deck chose to only let us play certain tapes. It tried to eat the rest. Four hours w/ only limited amount of music can certainly drive someone over the edge.

But the determining factor that really sent us over was THE SINKHOLE itself... in conjunction w/ our own imaginations. It's surprizing what three Acid Casualties can imagine after being stuck in a car for 4 hours solid.

First off, when we had to take the offramp to get away from THE SINKHOLE (thus, not angering it more), there were sticks everywhere sticking out of the grass... which were obviously marking the graves of those who gave their lives to THE SINKHOLE. But the town SINKHOLE itself is so crazy. The signs, the people, the places. We concluded that 9 out of ten people don't ever actually look @ the bumper stickers they put on their cars after they put them on their cars.

Not only that, but the Albertson's in SINKHOLE is identical to the Albertson's in Eugene. Obviously a sign of THE SINKHOLE's infinite wisdom. It realized that we were from out of town, & had to make us feel comfortable in this foriegn envoironment.

We began to feel very sad that we did not live so close to THE SINKHOLE. The people or SINKHOLE must have felt so lucky to live so close to this entity that has enabled so many people from out of town to get a good look of every square inch of their fine city. We wished we could live so close to THE SINKHOLE, but we were not so lucky.

Ultimately, we started a religion around THE SINKHOLE. Obviously, he had manifested himself to spread word of his Earth-sattering power, & there must be those who inform others of this gospel. We had heard of the man who lost his foot to THE SINKHOLE when it originally manifested, who is obviously our Messiah. It is too bad that he will not return our calls, though.

When we emerged from THE SINKHOLE, our minds no longer clouded w/ false beliefs, we realized that our insanity was to save the world. However, Scratchy's friends in the Medford area did not seem to agree w/ us, & threatened us w/ death. It is a pity, because they are non-believers. THE SINKHOLE has ways of dealing w/ peopl like this.

One would think that our devoutness to THE SINKHOLE would taper off after losing contact w/ it directly. You could not be any more wrong! The anticipation of returing to THE SINKHOLE, to be close to it again for yet another 4 hours, & to give it the blood that is so much craved, was what kept us faithful the whole weekend through. You can imagine our disapointment when we discovered that the residents of SINKHOLE had gone & fixed it by th time we returned. The heathens! Did they not understand the power of THE SINKHOLE!? Did they not realized that he would manifest himself again in a more powerful form, to take more lives of the Non-Believers!!! What was wrong w/ these people!

Oh well. They'd pay. Indeed, they would.

Our trip to Medford was quite a while ago, but our devotion to THE SINKHOLE has not wavered in the least. We have already planned another pilgrimage to visit the site our mighty SINKHOLE used to occupy, & we plan to continue this trip to our Mecca @ least once a year... if possible, more often! Our latest musical endeavor, a band merely called SINKHOLE, has dedicated it's time & effort to spreading the word of THE SINKHOLE to those

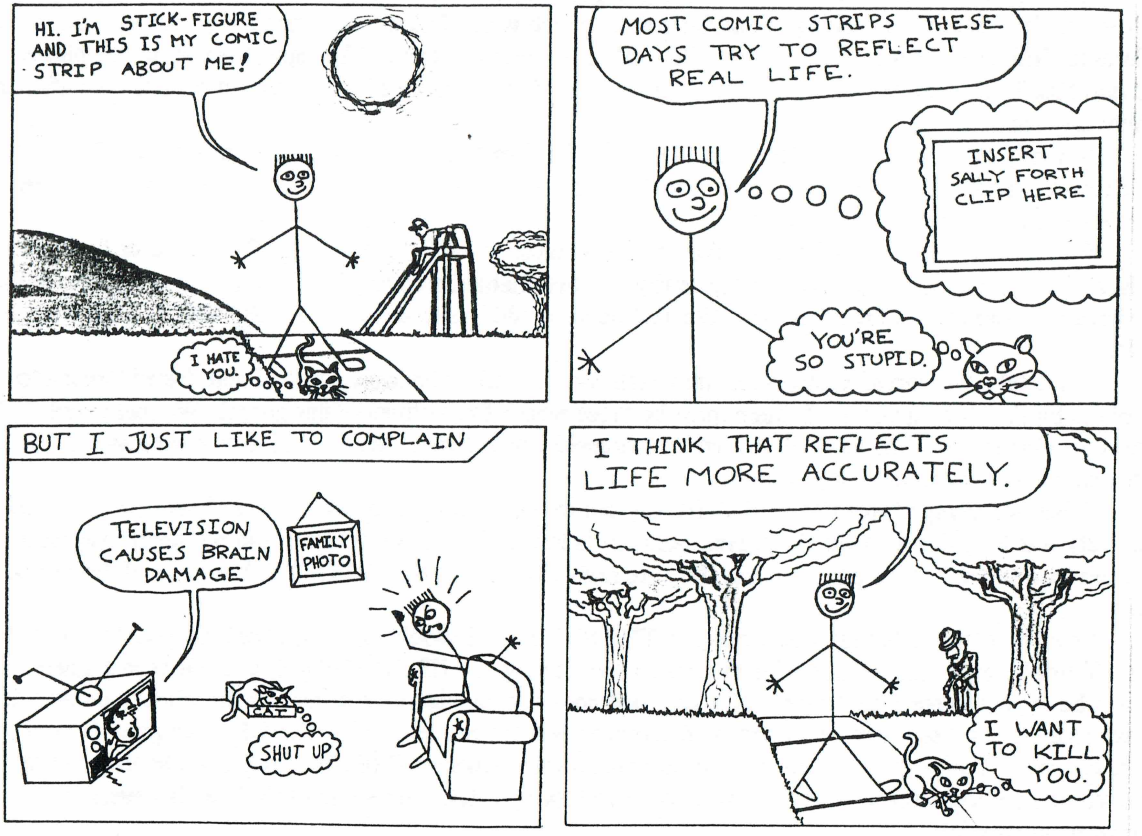
who are unable to actually see it. It is a great responsibility we have undertaken, being the ones who must tell the world of our new-found faith.

But if it wasn't us, then who would?

Stick-Figure Man (THE SERIES!)

Story By : Austin Rich
Shane &
Mystery Meat

Pencils By : Shane



/----------\
| "I Don't Know What I Am..." by G.M. |
\----------/

So much has happened lately that I don't even know how to tell you about it. I feel like I've been re-born into a world where illusions are real and reality is a fading memory, and it doesn't help to know that things were

always like this and I was just too tired to notice. But all in all there are some things that I need to say to tie up the little ribbon that will make this package complete. Again, the Wipers, "Is This Real?" is the soundtrack, so put that album on repeat while you read this and try to see things from the insider's point of view.

You noticed that this issue was a month late according to the pattern set by issue one and two. Well, that's for a number of reasons. I got a new place in November (thank you again Keith and Glyndon), and previously this publication was created with their computer. My roommate Austin, whose computer I had used to make every other piece I've created, was temporarily out of service that month, and rather than go with a format that I wasn't happy with I decided to put this magazine off another month. But the real reason is of course is that I was uninspired for most of the last two months.

All of my friends are involved in numerous projects. Austin, bass player for Cathead and frontman for A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. went into the studio with his band and The Soylent Green had prior obligations with some of the locals in creating a compilation tape of live local acts, and they were both unavailable for consolation and inspiration most of the time.

All my other friends were busy with their new jobs (like I am), and it wasn't like they were uninspired or no interested, but there are just too many other things to be done to allow a little thing like this become top priority. So I was left with trying to write all the things that were to appear in this 'zine.

I also realized that I was putting quite a bit of pressure on my writing skills. I may be able to ramble off for hours about nothing and fill this thing up every month, but I would like to think that most of what I write in here is somewhat insightful and intelligible (unlike everything else I write), and to try to fill this thing up with stuff like that (or at least something that impersonates it) every month is a bit of a strain on what passes for what's left of my caffiene/nicotine damaged brain. So I figured that once every two months would give me a chance to take more tim with this publication and create more insightful pieces (and still keep me sane).

Not that you really care much about the inner workings of this magazine. You probably want to hear abou the good stuff, don't you?

Conkrit continued to be unavailable for interviewing these last two months, and The Soylent Green's trip to the Sinkhole made it a bit difficult to do so when they were. So, thier interview will be given life next month. Sorry

In other news, my new roommate Jon was not available to move in with me in November. Not that that ha much bearing on this publication, but big influences on this 'zine included Caroline (for about a month) and K.L.M. (whose plug for her upcoming poetry is included within). If you knew either of them, you might know where my state of mind has been.

The "Pete The Junky Duck," strip that appeared in the last issue has been temporarily post-phoned. It appears that the author was doing research on the subject of the strip, and is currently spending his days thinking he's a cactus in the local asylum. One day he looked at his shoes, but so far no further sign of rehabilitation has occured. We'll keep you posted.

I feel like the more I do this 'zine the more I learn about myself. The Ramen City Kid called his 'zine a form of self-induced therapy, and I've found that he was more right than I realized when I just read that bit in passing. Th more time passes the grander the plans I make, and then I realize that I can never complete them.

Life is a series of self-realizations, especially when you try to express your feelings about your life in the las few months in only 20 pages. I've come to find that over time I still don't know what I am, but that this is the only way any of us can ever find out.

Until next month...

--G.M. 11/30/96

Next Issue: Conkrit Interview; Drugz; The Fast Food Whore Continues; Holiday Stories From Hell; Etc.

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